

Subjected

by Psychotic Anathema

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Summary: University AU! Bokuto, an aspiring photographer meets Akaashi, a freshman. Needless to say, Bokuto wants him as his subject. Now, if only he could actually have the courage to ask Akaashi that is. BokuAkaa

Subjected

He surveyed the area with ease that can only come from experience. With his eyes alone, Bokuto could pinpoint every possible image he could capture in the park. It's just a shame that his camera isn't with him, he was pretty sure that he could snap several interesting photos before returning to the university.

He wonders briefly what he could do to past time â€" Kuroo strictly ordered him to _'stay away from his camera'_, and being the obedient underclassman, he did as he was told.

The problem now wasn't where he was going â€" he wanted to go to the local park for a while now- no. It was actually what he is going to do. He had already conside-

"Excuse me, may I sit with you?" A voice cut his thoughts and Bokuto looked to its direction.

Uhm.

Wow.

To his right, from the grass where he is sitting, he saw â€" _yes I did- _quite frankly, one of the most beautiful subjects he has seen in all of his nineteen years of living and ten years of photography.

There to his right, _just a few steps away from me, _is a pale-skinned, dark-haired male. Unlike others whose opinions of this man before him would probably be _'handsome' or 'pretty' â€"

'dashing'- _his first train of thought was _the male's dark hair accentuates his pale pallor, yes, that nose would look best at a side, his lean body would fit well in a sizeable photo, and those dark, beady eyes simply stood out amongst the rest of his features- he would look great in a close-up photo as well. _

"You're gaping," the male pointedly said and once more, Bokuto snapped out of it and belatedly realized that yes, he was indeed openly gaping.

Burning red from embarrassment, he fumbled for a reply, "Ah..errâ€|yeahâ€|sure..." He scooted over to give the man (_he looks like he's around my age though) _space.

The man gave a small smile at him and sat at least a foot away from him, opening what looked like a thick textbook.

All the time, Bokuto couldn't help staring at the stranger, he keeps imagining the best angle to get the most beautiful photo, the best expression to bring out the best emotions and it was honestly driving him insane. He came here because his Kuroo wanted him to relax and step away from taking pictures, not to fuel his need to photograph. But it looked like he wasn't going to get any rest soon, if the man to his right was any indication.

You creep

Bokuto heard a book snap shut _loudly. _

"You have been staring at me for a while now, is there any particular reason?" The man sighed and looked at him with something akin to confusion and irritation.

"Oh shitâ€|I'm really sorryâ€|it's just thatâ€|" Bokuto tipped his head down, "you're really pretty."

He was given an odd look.

"Are you hitting on me?"

Bokuto's eyes widened.

"No! No! I'm a photographer and it's just thatâ€|I think...I think you'd makeaverybeautifulsubjectI'msorry."

I screwed up big time, Kuroo, this all your fault

"S-subject?" His head was tipped down so low now that Bokuto barely heard the man's reply (or so it seemed like it).

Steeling up his nerves, he decided to just screw everything else as well.

"I'm Bokuto Kotaro, pleased to meet you." He gave a cheerful grin.

* * *

><p>His name is Akaashi Keiji, Bokuto learned, a first year university student at the same university as he was. He was surprised that the younger (Akaashi says he's eighteen) male didn't passed him

off as a weird creepy stranger.<p>

Meeting him, the first thing he noticed was that Akaashi is quiet "polite" but in a subdued way, and he was hoping that the male would open up to him (not that he likes him or anything but he would like to photograph Akaashi maaanyy times- yes he was that pleasing to look at). He was also quiet as he was blunt and calm and for some unknown reason, Bokuto couldn't help but to gravitate towards him.

He could admit to himself that he was hooked with the man named Akaashi Keiiji.

They parted ways after a few hours later, and Bokuto was pleased to say that he got Akaashi's number and email address.

Bokuto didn't meet him until about two weeks later at a cafe, with his senpai, Kuroo Tetsurou. He found him, sitting demurely at a corner, sipping a hot drink as his eyes perused a textbook again. And as the light flashes to him, the shadows of his form casted a great contrast to the white theme of the cafe and his eyes were in the perfect posit- defenestrating the word 'care', he took out his DSLR, positioned for the best angle and "snap!"

Without further ado (he cannot be caught by Akaashi snapping pictures of him thank you very much), he kept his camera.

"Bokuto, what the fuck was that?"

Bokuto froze and looked to his companion haltingly. "Remember the one I told you about? The pretty subject?"

"Yeah? That's him? He's handsome I guess but you have photographed more beautiful people than him, like Kiyoko or Oikawa."

Gasping, Bokuto frowned, "I don't know I'm just kinda drawn to him. I just I really want him as my subject" Kuroo shrugged.

And they left it at that, because despite being a bastard most of the time, Kuroo is first and foremost an empath and he wouldn't push Bokuto into revealing things he didn't want to say. And Bokuto may be cheerful and bright (and stupid) but he has the maturity hidden behind his smiles and laidback words.

"Akaashi!" Bokuto called out when they got their orders and Kuroo grinned mischievously from behind him. This isn't just because Bokuto considers Akaashi as a pretty subject.

The younger male looked up from his book and waved languidly at him and Bokuto took that as their cue to pull up a chair directly opposite to him, Kuroo taking a seat beside him.

"Hey," Bokuto smiled, looking sheepish, "I hope we weren't disturbing you that much."

"Not really" Akaashi offhandedly said, fiddling with his hands upon closing his book. "I was only rereading the material."

"Oh I haven't introduced you yet!" Bokuto chirped, "Kuroo, this is Akaashi Keiji, Akaashi, this is Kuroo Tetsurou."

* * *

><p>"You like him."<p>

Bokuto sputtered and turned red in the span of three seconds.

"Hah!?"

"You like Akaashi." Kuroo simply said, lounging at the couch of the club room , ignoring the choking noises Bokuto seems to be so keen on creating.

"No!" He quickly denied. "Why would you think that? I told you I think he's pretty."

"Bokuto, we both know that you don't spend at least three days a week to hang out with _'just a subject' _or spend every damn time stealing picture off of him or staring at him so long I think you're beating Kei and I. If you don't like him, you wouldn't act so civilized in front of him or dress up super proper for just a _hang out _at a cafÃ©. Also, if you don't like him, you don't take him to dates, even if I think that neither of you know it." Kuroo pointed out and with every word Bokuto's horror increased and he felt a little light-headed because-

Kuroo's right, Jesus fucking Christ

And it reassures Bokuto for some reason, because at least now he could place a name for the flutters in his stomach or the sweat on his hands or the majority of the pictures at the memory cards of his camera.

But the realization and implication wasn't lost on him, yeah he could've _reaaallly _liked Akaashi but what now? They have only been friends for two months and he doubts Akaashi liked him _that_ way. Oh god was this how Kuroo felt with Tsukishima?

"Go with it."

He stared dumbfounded at Kuroo.

"Deaf much? Go with it, you won't know until you try idiot."

He blushed again, hiding his face with his portfolios. "You think so?"

"Hell if I know but you know him better than I do, so what do _you _think?"

"I don't knowâ€¦ I mean he doesn't show that much emotions but I can say that he isn't uncomfortable with me at the leastâ€¦" Bokuto trailed off. This is a big gamble. Damn. He really _likes _Akaashi. And he is pretty positive that he'll mope endlessly if he gets rejected.

Kuroo smirked. "You'll just have to see wouldn't you?"

Staring at the picture of Akaashi sleeping at the university library, muscles relaxed and eyes fully closed with a book propped up at his side and several more stacked â€" _goddamn he fell hard._

And to be honest with himself, he thinks he prefers it that way.

* * *

><p>Note: For now, this will be a oneshot unless I can think of something to add. Anyways, you can give me ideas on how to continue thisâ€¦I guess?

Thank you for reading, please leave a review if you have time.

End
file.